A Rare Gift

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/17246423.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe, Omega Verse, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Will Graham, Omega Hannibal Lecter, Shopping, gift shopping, True Mates, Strangers to Lovers, Scenting, Knotting, Copious Amounts of Come, discussions of bonding, discussions of pregnancy, Very happy ending, New Year's Eve, Rutting, Mating Cycles/In Heat, surprise rut, can be read as traditional or multisex omega, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 43 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics, Part 65 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn
Collections:	Hannigram for the Holidays, #SeasonsSlick
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-31 Words: 4,858 Chapters: 1/1

A Rare Gift

by TigerPrawn

Summary

It's the only place Will can get the gin he buys his former foster parents every New Year. Now there's a new owner and it the chances of a kiss, or more, at midnight have just increased.

Will clenched his jaw, but it wasn't against the biting cold air that whirled around him carrying flurries of snow. No, he was trying to brace himself against the judgement and hostility he was about to face during his annual visit to *Lecter & Murasaki - Fine Wines & Spirits*.

He hated having to do this every year, but it was the only place he knew would always carry the particular gin that Jack and Bella liked.

The grouchy old alpha that ran the store had hated him the second he had scented him. Or maybe from the second he had turned and looked Will up and down and wondered what a scruffy, comparatively unkempt, alpha of clearly lower means than their average customer, was doing in his precious shop.

He'd bought the gin for his foster parents as a gift every year for years, taking it with him when he travelled over to spend New Year's Day with them, as he had almost every year since joining the FBI. It hadn't been as easy when he was a cop, nor through his college years. But teaching at the Academy meant he was usually able to go for at least a day or two, to see the couple that might as well be his parents, Jack already very much his mentor. They had taken him in when he was a scrappy kid of ten years and his dad finally upped and left after his mom died a few years earlier.

The least he could do was put up with the shitty customer service of a miserable old alpha for a few minutes each year.

Will resolved himself at the memories, took a deep breath and pushed the shop door open, the bell above his head ringing into the cavernous space.

Will stilled immediately, surprised at the scent of the place. Usually he felt his hackles raise at the scent of the older alpha, but the air was clean - crisp. The scent of wine, and, faintly, something of a non-scent. Blockers. How odd. Why would an ageing alpha decide to suddenly start using blockers?

He started to consider the types of illnesses an alpha might get that would necessitate scent blockers and Will found him worrying despite himself. He might not get on with the old man, but he would never wish him ill health.

“May I assist you?” The accent was the same as the alpha, but the voice was most definitely not his.

Will turned to see a younger man - maybe a little older than himself - stood near the red wine racks creating some sort of New Year display.

“I, uh…” Will wasn’t usually one to be dumbstruck by a handsome face, but there was a first time for everything, and the omega stood across the room was… everything.

Will’s jaw went tight again, this time an involuntary muscle spasm as his instincts clawed at him to take in the scent. Wanting, needing, to know the scent of this omega, but he was denied. The blockers maddeningly covering all but the slightest hint of it.

He realised he must have clearly scented the air, embarrassingly, because the omega gave him a knowing and amused smile before saying, “omega scents interfere with the bouquet of the wine, it is not conducive to wine tastings.”

Will’s face went so immediately red, the heat was almost painful. “Shit, I… I didn’t mean…”

The omega waved a dismissive hand, “Think nothing of it,” his smile was disarming and Will felt his blush worsen, “blockers cause a multitude of reactions from even the most polite of persons.”

“I’m uh,” Will wanted to apologise and wondered if it was best to just ignore the whole thing. So, his face still burning, Will mumbled, “Looking for some gin.”

“Any particular brand?” The omega gave his full attention now, putting items down and coming over to where Will stood.

“Um, yeah, I… I get the same every year,” Will pointed vaguely in the direction of where he knew the gin was kept. But then he stopped, realising he was about to make a massive error, something he might regret forever. He could tell the omega he needed no help and go find that bottle of gin, or - “can you help me?”

The omega’s smile grew, something between friendly and predatory. It sent a shiver up Will’s spine and he felt like an asshole. He wasn’t usually like this. Didn’t usually have this reaction to omegas he met.

“Certainly,” The omega replied and Will was sure he hadn’t mistaken the purr to those words. Why did it feel like they were flirting? Were they flirting? He *wished* they were flirting.

Will tried to think of another time he’d been so instantly attracted to someone but was coming up empty. He felt like an idiot teenager with his knot aching in his pants, which… it damn well was! Will suppressed a growl - annoyed with himself and a little ashamed. He just hoped the omega hadn’t noticed and judged him uncouth.

“You’ve been here before?” The omega asked as he lead them through to the spirits.

“Yeah, um, the guy that usually works here, he… he usually serves me, under sufferance,” Will wanted to take the words back as soon as he’d said them - *rude, Will!*.

“How strange, my uncle is usually exceedingly pleasant, I wonder what it is about you he disapproves of,” The omega’s mouth twitched in a slight smile as he looked back at Will before coming to a stop in front of the shelved gin. “Which one are you looking for?”

“Isle of Harris,” Will replied. The quirked brow and clear impressed look at Will’s good taste affected the alpha more than he wanted to admit admit. He had never actively sought the approval of an omega - such a facet of courting - and now he practically wanted to roll around in it.

“The sugar kelp gives it a very distinctive flavour,” the omega crooned, and it really still felt like he was flirting.

“Uh, yeah. My folks vacationed in Scotland years ago and tried it there. I’ve been gifting it to them ever since,” Will explained. Stopping short then and realising that was likely the most information he’d ever volunteered to a stranger in his life. Perhaps it was that thought that lead him to blurt out, “My name’s Will... by the way. Will Graham.”

The omega’s lips twitched and he cradled the bottle he had just unshelved, starting to hand it to Will as though it were a precious infant.

“Hannibal Lecter, I recently took this shop over from my uncle after deciding to stop practic-” Hannibal cut himself off as their hands touched.

For a moment Will wasn’t clear if Hannibal had stopped because he found himself bizarrely oversharing too, or because of the little jolt that seemed to go through them both. As Hannibal had handed him the bottle their fingers had brushed together and energy sparked between them. It was only the desperate grasping and quick reflexes of them both that saved the bottle smashing onto the floor. Instead they now both clutched tight hold of it between them, in each other’s space to do so. The omega’s scent was almost there, like it was hidden behind a veil, it buzzed at the corner of Will’s senses and he wasn’t sure how to ignore it.

“I…” Will started to say something but he wasn’t sure what, so his words dried up. One hand firmly gripped on the bottle’s neck, Will removed the other, bringing it up to Hannibal’s neck. “I just… I…” Will was unable to quite articulate how much he needed to scent the omega. Every fibre of his being was trying to give into the instinct of it, let his primal alpha brain take control.

He restrained himself to do no more than reach up and gently cup his hand around the back of Hannibal’s neck, rubbing his thumb over Hannibal’s scent gland. The omega let out a trembling breath, as Will’s motion rubbed away some of the blocker. Deep down, part of him knew this was wrong - an invasion of the man’s personal space at best, assault at worst. But he was

uncharacteristically unable to restrain his base alphan urges, and that shocked him. Something was really off but he couldn't quite fight it.

He continued the motion as it released tiny plumes of Hannibal's scent into the air.

Directly to Will it felt, directly into his nose and to his brain, his heart, his knot.

Mate

He shuddered, resisting the primal urge to tighten his hand around Hannibal's nape and pull him in so that he could bite and bond.

"I think I know why my uncle disliked you," Hannibal said breathlessly.

That pulled Will back to his senses, and he drew his hand back. He took the bottle from Hannibal's hands and set it on the closest shelf before there was the risk of smashing it. His hands were shaking and he had the horrifying realisation that he was feeling the first stirrings of rut, though he'd already had his this year.

"Why?" Will asked with uncertain curiosity, as he tried to keep his composure. Maybe he could just pay and leave? The thought of walking out without the omega bonded to him sent a bolt of anger through him.

"He knew I wasn't interested in mating whilst I was pursuing my career in medicine," Hannibal replied with an amused grin. The omega reached for him then, sliding a hand up around his neck in a mirror of Will's previous action. An approval and acceptance, it seemed. "He would have taken one whiff of your scent and realised immediately how it would compliment my own. As I did when you walked in, as you do now. I don't believe I am mistaken?"

Will found himself nodding, pulling Hannibal to him and kissing him without hesitation.

The kiss was passionate and consuming as they explored the shape of each other's mouths and the taste of each other's tongues. Will hadn't realised how entwined they'd become until Hannibal pulled back with nowhere to go.

Will was about to ask him if he was alright, if he wanted this - holding onto the last thread of self control and not wanting to do anything either of them might regret. But before he had chance to ask, Hannibal's face was buried in the crook of his neck, nuzzling there and rubbing himself against Will's scent glands.

A low, rumbled word issued from Hannibal, clearly audible - "Mate."

Will wasn't sure if it was an acknowledgement or a command, but it had him throbbing anyway.

He clung to Hannibal, unable for a moment to take any action. His blood felt hot and thick in his veins and sweat prickled at his skin as he started to shake.

At that Hannibal pulled back a little, enough to cup his face and look at him, one thumb lifting an eyelid to study Will's, no doubt, glazed eyes.

"You're going into rut, Will," Hannibal suddenly seemed distant and clinical in every sense. "This would appear to be my fault, meeting a biologically compatible potential mate will bring on a rut in the alpha - driving them to claim and mate. To bond… Is that what you want Will?"

Hannibal's thumb was stroking over his cheek, the contact feeling like the crackle of electricity.

He had never really considered taking a mate before, he was happy with the solitude and routine of his life. But then the image of knotting the omega sprang vividly to mind, a tumble of images after - loving him, sipping wine together, fishing together, the omega round with his child.

"I don't… If you don't want-" Will tried to articulate but was cut off by Hannibal's firm words.

"I'm still in full control of my senses, Will. I won't allow anything to happen that I don't desire."

"You… want to bond with a total stranger?" Will asked, incredulous, wondering if his senses were already tricking him because, yes, he was definitely going into rut.

"A true mate surely isn't a stranger," Hannibal replied softly.

Will shook his head at the fantasy, "The chance of finding a true mate is…" *astronomical* his brain supplied but his mouth didn't quite get there.

"The odds are roughly one in every ten thousand, though anthropologically speaking one wonders if it would be higher if the population wasn't spread out across vast continents and-"

"Do you always talk like this?" Will's words came out breathless and he couldn't decide if the pretentious know it all omega was annoying or arousing.

He settled quickly on both.

"Perhaps you're right," Hannibal said, Will not realising he'd said anything to be right about, but clearly the omega had inferred something from his words. "Perhaps it is best to get to know each other rather than give in to our baser instincts? Besides, if I let you bond with me I will immediately go into heat so that our bodies will encourage fruit from our union. I… am not prepared to go into heat right now."

Will was dumbfounded, this stranger really was seriously considering their immediate bonding. Or not, as it now seemed. He felt a sharp pull in his chest at the thought.

"That still leaves your rut to take care of," Hannibal mused, looking over Will's face and stroking his hands over his cheeks.

They caught each other's eye and Will took a sharp breath.

Yes, the rut was a huge indicator, but it wasn't until their eyes locked that Will agreed - true mates really did exist. There was something in Hannibal's eyes and he knew it was in his own too - that they gazed upon each other with a deep and unshakeable affection. With love they couldn't possibly feel free each other yet, but did.

"I want to bond with you," Will found himself saying, then clenching his jaw as he forced himself to deny the possibility. "Not now, when you are ready. When we're… and not in a shop at closing time."

Hannibal let out a low chuckle at that and rested his forehead against Will's - sweaty as it was.

"Yes, a bond can wait. But your rut… let me take your knot. You're going to be in agony soon and I don't think I can see you in pain." Hannibal, his hands still holding onto Will, started to slowly

back up through the room, little shuffling steps so that Will didn't realise at first they were moving.

"H-here?" Will's whole body was starting to shake. He'd never had a rut come on so suddenly before. Normally he had days to plan - toys or a clinic. Not minutes. Not with a stranger.

Not a stranger.

Mate

His mind supplied the word again. Hannibal was his mate, and there was no possible way to deny it. He was pretty sure he didn't want to. Actually he was most definitely certain that he wanted nothing more than to take this complete stranger as his mate the moment he consented.

"It's New Year's Eve and the nearest emergency clinic is the other side of the city… If you would prefer that-"

"No." Will grunted the word and pulled Hannibal into another kiss.

It was all teeth and tongue as he sought to practically devour the omega, wondering briefly what the man's slick tasted like. He whimpered and Hannibal drew back.

"This way," Hannibal moved from Will's grasp and took his hand, leading him with no delay now towards the door at the back of the shop.

It was dark beyond the door - dimly lit storage leading through to a little office space. The temperature was slightly cooler and Will was grateful for it.

Hannibal lead him past the shelves and crates to the doorless room that was little more than a nook. There was a small desk, an old office chair and then in a secluded corner an old leather sofa. It looked like the sort of thing that would fit into a the foyer of a posh hotel.

Eccentric

Will wasn't sure whether the taste was Hannibal's or his uncle's, or both but he was curious either way. For the now it didn't matter, all that mattered - all that Will's brain could process - was mounting the omega against, on or over that sofa.

Hannibal clearly had the same idea as he started to remove clothing - both his own and Will's. After a minute of spacing out at the sensation of Hannibal's hands, Will joined in, losing every button on his shirt as he ripped it open to save time.

Even before Hannibal was fully undressed, Will could smell him - could scent his arousal and the slick between his legs. He let out a whimper as he finally managed to get out of his boots and then his trousers and underwear was gone.

Will stood, naked and panting in the small room. His cock was hard and bobbing, his knot wouldn't swell until he was inside the omega, but it was already red and throbbing with want.

Hannibal stood an arms reach from him. Glorious in his nudity. He was athletically built, a little podge in just the right places. And whilst Will wanted to focus on every part of him - his slightly furred chest, his nicely proportioned cock, the omegan sex between his legs that had slick gathering at the top of his thighs - he was unable. Instead his mind was quickly becoming consumed with the thought of Hannibal heavy with his child. Those podgy areas filling out in that omegan way.

He wasn't even sure he damn well wanted kids, but in that moment his rut was telling him quite clearly, that he needed to mate and bond and knot this omega. His omega.

Will grit his teeth - no bonding. He could do that. He could hold that back. But everything else...

He stroked his hand up and down his hard shaft, as he continued to watch Hannibal.

The omega was breathless and flushed, moving towards the sofa and drawing Will towards him with no more than his scent.

"Want to mount you," Will muttered.

Hannibal chuckled and took to his knees on the sofa, leaning against the arm as he watched Will over his shoulder.

"Yes, I've know doubt you do."

It was the go to position for alphas in rut - the best position for a lengthy knotting and for conception, instincts would tell them.

Even so, as he drew closer, Will was unable to resist leaning in and pressing his mouth to Hannibal's flesh. He needed to taste the slick running down his thighs. He tongued at it, scooping up thick globs of it into his mouth as he went from Hannibal's thighs up to his sex. It was wet and open, waiting. And it tasted of Hannibal - that amazing scent he'd only scratched the surface of, literally, now playing across his tongue.

His last truly coherent thought before succumbing to his rut, was his wondering how the hell he was going to be able cope with the constant distraction of this man's scent. Hannibal would likely need to continue using blockers if they were to ever get anything done.

The thought made Will growl, the vibrations of it causing Hannibal to squirm and moan.

It was all the encouragement Will needed. He was immediately up, surging forward and draping himself over Hannibal's strong back. Will nuzzled at the nape of Hannibal's neck as he slowly pushed his cock into the waiting slick.

They both groaned at the pleasure of being joined, it was all Will could do to not bear his teeth and bite.

He wanted to go slow, he wanted to take his time and be a sensual and sensitive lover. The kind of lover he was outside of his rut. But that was impossible. Hannibal must have realised that too because, without prompting, he panted -

"Take me Will, rut me. We have the rest of our lives to make love."

Will groaned at the words, language having completely left him now it would seem. He nodded against Hannibal's back and started to move his hips.

Forward and back, in and out, slowly at first. As slowly as he could manage. It felt so good and he wanted to spend days fucking the omega slow like this. But he couldn't hold back the instinct forever and after a few long moments he was battling against his own hips until finally he gave in.

They snapped into Hannibal until Will's balls thwacked against the omega, causing a lewd sound that echoed around the small room.

Hannibal cried out and clutched at the sofa beneath him.

“”Yes… Oh god… fuck me like you're breeding me…”

Will's vision seemed to lose cohesion. There was nothing beyond them now, just his own body, his omega and the sofa beneath them. The world was reduced to just them and their instincts.

If he bit Hannibal now he'd go into heat. They would be bonded and he could impregnate the omega. Will forced the thought from his mind - *they had the rest of their lives*. Nothing had ever seemed more comforting to him in that moment than knowing the inevitability of their lives together.

His thrusts were hard and quick, brutal and animalistic as he curled over Hannibal and attempted what he had requested.

Hannibal lowered himself a little, maybe it was getting too much for him but he went down onto his elbows and braced himself. The new angle allowed Will harder and deeper and-

“Uhhhnggg,” Hannibal cried out as Will apparently located his o-spot. He kept the position, pounding against it even as Hannibal writhed. Holding the omega in place, not letting him escape even though it was possibly too much, too stimulating.

And it was, clearly, because then Hannibal was crying out again, weeping as he came on Will's cock. His inner muscles gripping and milking Will trying to draw him deeper. Succeeding as Will went willingly and pressed his slightly swollen knot into the omega. There was some resistance and Hannibal groaned, the stretch of it clearly pleasurable.

“Oh Will, please… so good…” Hannibal babbled and then his words became gibberish or maybe another language, Will wasn't sure.

Will surged forward, forcing Hannibal even further into the sofa as he pushed his knot all the way in and felt it lock inside the omega. Will cried out then, feeling that satisfying pressure of his knot expanding to fill Hannibal completely.

And then he was coming, almost painfully. He felt his balls draw tight and his knot swell, but the feeling of it was much more visceral than it had ever been before in his life.

The pleasure was intense and it took a moment for him to realise his face was also damp and his tears were smeared across Hannibal's shoulder.

He let out an anguished cry, his body jolting as he came again. And then again.

He was shaking, holding onto Hannibal who was practically smushed to the sofa. It took a few minutes for his breathing to begin to level out, for his vision to expand again. He would need to knot again perhaps in an hour, perhaps in three, but ruts weren't as demanding as omegan heats. Besides, they'd be tied together now for at least twenty minutes, maybe longer.

With that in mind, Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal and managed to maneuver them both so they were spooning on the sofa, neither able to escape the pool of Hannibal's cooling release

beneath them.

“That was….” Hannibal practically slurred. Drunk on the pleasure they’d shared. Will understood, he wasn’t sure he’d regained speech yet.

Hannibal reached his hand behind him to play with Will’s damp curls, soothing and soft.

“You were so good for me alpha. I wasn’t sure you could hold back from biting me. But I should have known fate would not have matched me with a weak mate.”

Will couldn’t even try to be embarrassed by the fact that Hannibal’s praise had him coming again, drawing a pleasured gasp from them both.

“If you keep doing that, we may be here some time,” Hannibal chuckled.

He wasn’t wrong, every time he came his knot would take that little bit longer to soften.

“Perhaps you should stop talking then,” Will managed to rasp the words out, his mouth feeling incredibly dry.

“Mmm,” Hannibal hummed, and it was a sound full of satisfaction and amusement.

Fuck, they were going to be so good together. Will knew with total certainty that he’d found someone who would take his shit and give just as good back. The perfect mate for him.

Will nuzzled into Hannibal’s neck, taking in the now more exposed scent there. He felt relaxed and free. He rarely knotted outside of a clinic environment because it was just so damn awkward. But this wasn’t awkward at all. No strained small talk, no faking of intimacy.

This *was* intimate. It was beautiful. Will wanted to stay like this forever.

He hadn’t realised that he had started to nod off, snug as he was around and inside his mate, until there was a whizz and bang outside. Fireworks?

Hannibal drew a sharp breath and Will realised he must have been sleeping too. He moved then and Will - now completely soft - slipped from him along with copious amounts of come.

It was still warm from having been inside Hannibal and Will couldn’t help but look down to where they had been joined, watching as the evidence of their union covered them both.

“Is it wrong that I find that hot?” Will asked, his cock starting to stir again.

“I suspect that is your rut talking,” Hannibal replied, pushing back a little to feel Will’s hardening cock as if to prove the point.

Will groaned, running his hand down to Hannibal’s hip and wanting nothing more than to lift the omega’s leg a little and slip back inside him.

“How are you feeling, Will?” Hannibal asked looking over his shoulder.

“Horny,” Will replied.

Hannibal let out a low laugh and then moved, getting up from the sofa and grabbing for their clothes even as Will whined in protest.

“Whilst you are still sated and in control of your faculties, I suggest we relocate to somewhere more comfortable,” Hannibal threw Will’s shredded shirt at him.

There were more sounds of hissing and whizzing, pops and bangs. Hannibal looked over to the desk, where there had to be a clock because then he said -

“It’s after midnight.”

“Damn, I have to… the gin…” Will slipped around in their puddles of come as he tried to get up from the sofa, growling gruffly at the amused look that brought to Hannibal’s face.

“Get dressed, I shall wrap the gin and then we will go to my apartment, it’s a few blocks from here. I can have an emergency clinic courier over some suppressants first thing in the morning.” Hannibal told him. And it was making Will hard all over again. How the hell was he going to get through a day once they were bonded if every time the omega told him what to do, he got turned on?

Hannibal must have realised because he had this little quirk of a grin that was almost a dare.

“I’m supposed to be at my foster parent’s place for new years lunch tomorrow. I…” Will used his ripped shirt to wipe some of the come from him as he stood up and stalked to Hannibal.

“Do you have plans?” Will murmured the question against Hannibal’s throat.

“I do not… we just mated through the only plans I had, I am sure my friends will understand… I’m all yours…”

Will groaned again, certain that the omega was deliberately teasing him with the word choices.

“Come with me?”

Will drew back, knowing his expression displayed his uncertainty. They’d only just met, sure, but this was it. This was the real thing, and he had no doubt that as soon as they had both cleared their schedules, they’d bond and let Hannibal go into heat. Maybe not use birth control.

Weirdly none of these thoughts were terrifying to him. With anyone else at any other time they would have been. But here and now with Hannibal - his mate - Will found himself worry free.

And, it was inevitable that Hannibal meet Jack and Bella, it might as well be now.

Hannibal gave him a bemused smile, tilting his head to the side slightly. “My darling Will, the moment we met it was clear to me that I would be accompanying you.”

Will chuckled, of course it was. He wondered if Hannibal would always be one step ahead of him, or whether it was just that Hannibal had a head start in being able to scent him when Will had been unable to do the same.

Will threw his ruined shirt on the floor and pulled Hannibal into another kiss. Maybe his omega would always keep him on his toes, he wasn’t sure he minded one bit.

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